

THE
D E A N
AND THE
'S Q U I R E:
A
P O L I T I C A L E C L O G U E.

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO
S O A M E J E N Y N S, Esq.

By the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, &c.

"REMEMBER that the principles, for which the WHIGS struggle, are the
"FOUNDATION OF OUR PRESENT GOVERNMENT, which they apprehend to
"be undermined, whenever TORY MAXIMS ARE OPENLY AVOWED."

Address to the Cocoa-Tree,
Written in the year 1763.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE D E A N

SOUIRE

POLITICAL BELL

DEVOTED TO

JOHN M. D. J. N. Y. S. Ed.



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A C A R D.

THE Author presents his best respects to the Reader, and begs that he would do him the favour to read the two first heads of Mr. Jenyns's seventh disquisition, before he cuts open this pamphlet, that he may perceive the full force of the allusions here made to that wonderful performance.

A. C. R. D.

The Author presents his best regards to Mr. R. D. and
begs that he would be kind to send him the two
books of Mr. Jayne's French dictionary before he cuts
it in pamphlet, that he may receive the full benefit of the
work and to that wonderful performance.

DEDICATION.

T O

S O A M E J E N Y N S, Esq.

S I R,

WHEN I lately read your Disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, it gave me much concern to find, that you had not written it in verse. Such images and such sentiments, such wit and such arguments, were surely too good to be wasted on prose. And you who have written verse so long, and with so much facility, are highly inexcusable for not having employed that talent on so important an occasion as the present, when you had taken upon you to confute “so many absurd principles concerning government and liberty, which have of *late* been disseminated with unusual industry,” principles, let, me add, which were still more industriously disseminated at the Revolution by Locke, at the Accession by Hoadly, and a hundred years before either, by Hooker; “principles, which you say, are as false, as
“mischievous, as inconsistent with common sense, as with all human society, and which require nothing more than to be fairly
“stated, to be refuted.”

The pious poet, Herbert, I think tells us, that

“ A verse may catch him, who a sermon flies.”

Why then should you discard verse, when you intended to catch such careless readers, as would be apt to fly a sermon? Why, by dividing your discourse into five methodical heads, should you make it appear as formal as the gravest pulpit-lecture ever delivered by old bishop Beveridge, or young Bishop Bagot? I protest, Mr. Jenyns, I cannot account for this strange proceeding.

However, that such sort of readers may read you, I have attempted to do that for your benefit and theirs, which you would not do for them, or for yourself: and, unequal as I am to the task, have dressed up your two first, and, as I think, principal topics, in as easy and fashionable metre as I was capable of writing. I know you would have done this much better. But, as my work is but a fragment, I am not without my hopes, that what I have done may be a spur to your indolence, and that you may be tempted not only to correct, but complete it.

But when I say that I have versified you, I take a pride in boasting, that I am not your mere versifier. I take a pleasure too in owning, that you yourself led me to attempt a nobler species of composition. I had read, some years ago, your very delectable Eclogue of the 'Squire and the Parson, written on occasion of that glorious peace, the honour of making which, is to be inscribed one day (may it be a late one!) on the mausoleum of the Earl of Bute. This, Sir, led me to think of giving my present performance a dramatic cast, so far as an eclogue can possess

possess that title. On this idea, having resolved to make you my TITURUS, I had not far to seek for a MELIBÆUS. A brother writer, who has of late endeavoured to disseminate principles, similar to some of yours, with unusual, though abortive industry, immediately occurred to my imagination. And as immediately I resolved to read his more elaborate treatise, in order to enable me to execute my plan with greater exactitude, and better preservation of sentiment and character.

Although I must own, that this exercitation of my patience cost me many a yawn, yet I found, to my great satisfaction, that this writer allowed for true, what you hold to be false, those two first principles of Mr. Locke, that men are equal, and that men are free*. I concluded, therefore, that he was a very proper person to dispute those points with you. Accordingly, without farther ceremonial, I set you both down, not indeed sub tegmine fagi, but, for the sake of the *costumé*, in a snug town coffee-house, and there entered you fairly into debate.

If on your part, Sir, I have ever done more than elucidated any of those assertions, which you call arguments, I humbly ask your pardon: and on the Dean's, if *I have made him a little too lively and spiritual*, I as humbly ask his. I know nothing does so much harm to an ecclesiastic, in the road of perferment, as the bare suspicion of being witty. But, as the Divine in question has long been a dean, and has sworn that he will never be a bishop, I hope no great harm is done.

That

* See Tucker on Government, ch. 1st.

(iv)

That you may long remain on the illustrious List of Pensioners, even after the useful Board, from which you derive that right, shall be no more; that, having changed from Tory to Whig in the ministry of the Duke of Newcastle, from Whig to Tory under those, or rather *that* of Lords Bute and North, you may now again change from Tory to Whig under the New Administration; — and (since we have it on very eloquent evidence, that it is now the fashion for persons of the greatest consequence to be *no longer in shackles*) that you may soon cease to be encumbered with your present slavish principles, is the sincere and fervent wish of,

S I R,

Your most obsequious servant,

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

Knightbridge, May 1st, 1782.

T H E

D E A N and the 'S Q U I R E.

IN Coffee-house of good account,
Not far from Bond-street, call'd *The Mount*,
Soame Jenyns met the Dean of Gloucester;
And, as they fate in lounging posture,
Each on his bench, and face to face, 6
The Dean began in tone of bass:
While Jenyns, in his treble key,
Replied with much alacrity.
Repeat, my Muse, th' alternate strains,
That flow'd from these Arcadian swains, 10
Who both were equally alert
Or to deny, or to assert.*

D E A N.

'Squire Jenyns, since with like intent
We both have writ on Government,
And both stand stubborn as a rock 15
Against the principles of Locké,

B

Let

* ——— Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati. — VIRG.

(2)

Let us, like brother meeting brother,
Compare our notes with one another.
'Tis true, I've not had time to look,
Tho' much I wish'd it, in your book.

20

'S Q U I R E.

Doctor, my book is quickly read.

D E A N.

I'd other crotchets in my head.*
But you, I guess, have studied mine.

'S Q U I R E.

No, to my shame, not ev'n a line.

D E A N.

That's something strange—yet fortunate ;
For now on par we shall debate.

25

'S Q U I R E.

True. Who to play at whist regards,
When he, that deals, has seen the cards ?

D E A N.

Well put. First then, 'tis fit, I deem,
You tell me how you treat your theme.

30

'S Q U I R E.

I controvert those five positions,
Which Whigs pretend are the conditions

Of

* The Dean had been employed in writing his *Cui Bono ?* to Monf. Neckar, which is said, by persons who have read it, to contain many curious crotchets.
Cui Bono ?

Of civil rule and liberty ;
 That men are equal born — and free —
 That kings derive their lawful sway 35
 All from the people's yea and nay —
 That compact is the only ground,
 On which a Prince his rights can found —
 Lastly, I scout that idle notion,
 That government is put in motion, 40
 And stopt again, like clock or chime,
 Just as we want them to keep time.

DEAN.

'Sblood! do you controvert them all?

'SQUIRE.

Indeed I do, Sir, great and small.

DEAN.

You're a bold man, my master Jenyns, 45
 And have good right to count your winnings,
 If you succeed. — But I, who dare
 As much as most, to go so far
 Had not the courage, I assure ye,
 Tho' I suborned a tory jury.* 50

'Squire.

* Before the Dean published his elaborate treatise, he printed it first only for the perusal of certain friends, who were either Tories from principle or discretion. It may therefore reasonably be supposed, that (in Milton's phrase) it *numbered* many *choice intellects* among our great churchmen. The mitred author of the Letter to the Cocoa-Tree, (written at the commencement of Lord Bute's administration) from which I have taken my motto, was amongst these personages; and it is not to be doubted, but it would receive many improvements from his adroit and masterly hand.

'S Q U I R E.

That men were equal born at first,
 I hold of all whig lies the worst.
 But yet, if only this they mean,
 That you and I, good Mr. Dean,
 Were equally produced, 'tis true; 55
 For I was born as much as you.
 But now, comparing size and strength,
 Our body's bulk, our nose's length,
 The periwigs, that grace our pate,
 My little wit, your learning great, 60
 We find, we are unequal quite.

D E A N.

My honest friend, you're too polite.
 Your wit, Lord Hardwicke deigns to own,
 Surpasses every wit's in town :
 And none e'er doubted Hardwicke's taste, 65
 Who e'er were bid to Hardwicke's feast.
 But yet, I fear, at this arch quibble
 The Lockians will do more than nibble.
 They say, and with them I agree,
 That, as to men's equality, 70
 It rests on native rights they have,
 Not to become another's slave,
 Or tamely bear a tyrant's yoke :*
 This truth you parry with a joke.

'Squire.

* The passage in Mr. Locke's treatise, which the Dean here alludes to, seems to be this : " Though I said *that all men are by nature equal*, I cannot be supposed

(5)

'S QUIRE.

Jokes, Mr. Dean, I'd have you know, 75
Have parried many a stouter blow.
A joke like this, as I conceive,
Is reason's representative,
Who, vested with his rights, is sent
To disputation's parliament. 80

DEAN.

Yet scorns, like some they patriots call,
To vote, as he *instructs*, at all.

'S QUIRE.

Sometimes he may—but to proceed—
All men at birth, it is agreed,
Have equal learning, wit and power, 85
Tho', at Lucina's squalling hour,
The new-born babes, in nurse's lap,
Have only power to fuck her pap.

C

Good

“ to understand all sorts of equality: age or virtue may give men a just precedence: excellency of parts and merit may place others above the common level: birth may subject some, and alliance or benefits others, to pay an observance to those, to whom nature, gratitude, or other respects may have made it due: and yet all this consists with the *equality*, which all men are in, in respect of jurisdiction or dominion one over another: which was the equality I there (ch. 2d.) spoke of, as proper to the business in hand, being that *equal right*, that every man hath, to *his natural freedom*, without being subjected to the will or authority of any other man”. Ch. 6. sec. 54. To this the Dean accedes in his first chapter. “ First then, I agree with Mr. Locke and his disciples, that there is a sense, in which it may be said, that no man is born the political subject of another”.

Good heavens ! to talk of wit and learning
 In infants void of all discerning, 90
 Is just as if these whigs disputed,
 As most fools do, to be confuted,
 Whether their teeth, in breadth and length,
 Had equal size and equal strength;
 When, bless each little flobbering mouth, 95
 It had not cut a single tooth.

D E A N.

Your instance, I confess, is pretty :
 I wish it were as apt as witty.

'S Q U I R E.

But let us give them all they ask,
 Their equal birth, a harder task 100
 I think remains behind, to prove
 That men thro' life must equal move;
 None e'er assume a jot of power
 More than he had at natal hour.
 Strange doctrine this ! ye whigs, shall none 105
 Be long and lank as Jenkinson,
 None grow to full six feet or more,
 Because some only measure four ?
 Or, because Hunter cannot treat us
 With different size of same-aged fætus ? 110
 Thus, Mr. Dean, the point I've prov'd :
 And, if your Reverence is so mov'd,

You'll

(7)

You'll find, with like facility
I prove they all are not born free.

DEAN.

My sprightly 'Squire, if this be proving, 115

Then billing is the whole of loving.

Dame Logic knows, whene'er I meet her,

With more substantial sport I treat her.

These whigs will answer your demand

With saying, all they understand 120

By power is, " That alone is just,

" Which to a few the rest entrust;

" And to assume without assent,

" Is force, not legal government,"*

As to your simile of size, 125

They'll say your brains are in your eyes.

But now go on.

'SQUIRE.

Their next assertion

You'll find affords me more diversion.

For how should men be e'er born free,

When to be born is slavery, 130

An

* So Locke. " Government, into whatsoever hands it is put, being intrusted
" with this condition, and for this end, that men might have and secure their
" properties, the prince or senate, however it may have power to make laws for
" the regulating of property between the subjects one amongst another, yet can
" never have a power to take to themselves the whole or any part of the subjects
" property without their own consent, for this would be in effect to leave them no
" property at all". Ch. xi. sec. 139.

An imposition in itself.
 Do parents ask the little elf,
 Ere they beget him, his good leave
 Or to beget or to conceive?
 Or does he approbation give
 By self, or representative?

D E A N.

Yet, when begot, in my opinion,
 He's then the heir to self-dominion;
 Has right both to be born and bred,
 To suck the breast--

SQUIRE.

And p--- his bed.

D E A N.

He has. Nay more, I'd have you know,
 Protection, while in embryo,
 Is his, e'er you can justly date
 His *quasi-compact* with the state.*
 Once, Sir, I knew a pious lady,
 Who, just as she was getting ready
 For church, one Easter-Sunday morn,
 With labour-pains was sorely torn.

The

* "Children are entitled to protection, *whilst in embryo*, though they neither
 "did nor could enter into any compact with the state for that purpose". Tucker
 on Civil Government, p. 2. I have taken the liberty to add the term *quasi* in
 my version of this passage, to make it more analogous to the learned writer's
 general sentiments, who allows of no compact, but what he is pleased to term
quasi.

The church, good soul! she lov'd so dearly,
 That with her spouse she chose to parley; 150
 Nor would she let the midwife lay her,
 Till she had been at morning prayer;
 When, lo! in midst of all this fray,
 Before mama had time to pray,
 Her heir, a free-born British boy, 155
 Bolted to light and liberty.

'SQUIRE.

Your story, Mr. Dean, is pleasant,
 And wrapt withal, in terms right decent.
 Yet vainly sure such proof you bring;
 One swallow does not make a spring. 160
 I say, in spite of your strange tale,
 For full nine months he lies in jail.
 And what a jail! so little roomy,
 So dank, so sultry and so gloomy,
 Howard, who ev'ry prison knows, 165
 Ne'er ventur'd there to thrust his nose.
 Yet there he lies, unlucky wight!
 Depriv'd of sunshine and of light,
 Floating in brine, like a young porpus,
 Till, by obftetric Habeas Corpus, 170
 The brat is pluck'd to liberty.
 But, tell me, is such freedom free?

In swaddling cloaths he now is bound,
 Like Styx,* that gird him nine times round;
 They squeeze his navel, press his head, 175
 Feed him with water and with bread.
 Thus nine months more he lies in chains,
 And, when his freedom he regains,
 He puts it to so bad a use,
 'Tis found he must not yet go loose, 180
 Tyrannic nurse then claims her right
 To plague him both by day and night.
 Then grave as Pope, and gruff as Turk,
 Prelatic schoolmaster, like York,
 Thrashes the wretch with grammar's flail, 185
 To mend his head corrects his tail,
 And this with most despotic fury,
 Heedless of mercy, law, and jury.

D E A N.

Sir, you've a happy vein for satire,
 And touch it with a *main du maitre*. 190
 Yet why, Sir, treat mild M*****m thus?
 His Grace, you know, is one of us.

'S Q U I R E.

I ask his pardon. At the time
 He chanc'd to hitch into my rhyme.—†

But

* Tho' Fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her.

Pope's Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day.

† Had not this unlucky bolt been shot by the 'Squire, it is probable the Dean
 would not have been thrown off his scent, but would have answered all, that had
 been

But to our point — thus far I've stated, 195
 The boy is born and educated;
 And now he walks the world at large;
 Yet has he got a free discharge?
 No; *volens nolens*, as at school,
 He still must yield to civil rule; 200
 A subject born, he's subject still,
 Not govern'd by his mere self-will;
 But, if he breaks the laws in force,
 Or kills his man, or steals a horse,
 Howe'er he may dispute their right, 205
 And Coke with Burgerfdicius fight,
 Must make at Tyburn his confession.

D E A N.

I fear, Sir, here you beg the question.
 A subject born in any state
 May, if he please, depatriate, 210

And

been asserted, in some such manner as Mr. Locke does: "Children, I confess,
 " are not born in this full state of *equality*, though they are born to it. Their
 " parents have a sort of rule and jurisdiction over them, when they come into
 " the world, and for some time after; but it is but a temporary one. The bonds
 " of this subjection are like the swaddling cloths they are wrapt up in, and sup-
 " ported by, in the weakness of their infancy: age and reason, as they grow up,
 " loosen them, till at length they drop quite off, and leave a man at his own free
 " disposal". Ch. 6. sec. 55. This passage, and the other two already quoted,
 seem to be a sufficient answer to Mr. Jenyns on his two first heads. All his objec-
 tions turn on the term *born*: whereas Locke's propositions are, "Men are by
 " nature equal, and by nature free"; that is, have equal natural rights in their
 persons and liberty.

And go, for reasons weak or weighty,
To Zealand-New, or Otaheite.

'S Q U I R E.

Yet there what freedom will he have,
When made Queen Oberea's slave?
Her majesty may lay a tax, 215
I fear would weaken stronger backs,
Than ev'n was your's, my doughty Dean,
When nerv'd with youth, and stout eighteen.

D E A N.

Perhaps she might. Then let's suppose
To some unpeopled isle he goes, 220
And takes a mistress in his sleeve,
To live as Adam did with Eve;
Or say, that he had luck to find
A hundred more of the same mind,
To migrate with their mates by dozens, 225
And there to live like cater-cousins,
We will not call them sirs, and madams,
But a cool hundred Eves and Adams;
I think they would, or soon, or late,
By *quasi-compact* found a state.* 230

What

* Here the Dean turns aside to his own ingenious hypothesis, which he makes the true basis of civil government, and which, the more to disseminate it, I shall here briefly explain. He supposes, that a hundred Adams and Eves should all be produced full grown, and in *conjugal pairs*; and then concludes, that they would naturally herd together, and form a civil society, from their instinctive love of living

What think you, 'Squire, of that Scotch peer,*

Who wenching held so very dear,

(I don't aver his taste was right

In liking black girls more than white,

Not that I rashly would decide;

235

They know the best, who both have tried)

That, to indulge and take his fill,

He fenc'd an Apalachian hill,

And, holding there supreme command,

" Scatter'd his image o'er the land,"†

240

Till soon he got so large a race

Of little tawny babes of grace,

And these so soon begot a second,

And those a third, that quick he reckon'd

E

Subjects

living together as gregarious animals. But, as some might object that another instinctive appetite would speedily disturb the peace of this society, and that Horace's *teterrima belli causa* might make it a state of war, he sagely provides against this by noting, " that the appetite between the sexes can have no place in the " question, because it is not of that sort, which renders mankind gregarious." Yet, as he also owns, " that the most solitary animals at certain seasons converse " in pairs", it is necessary, for the support of his hypothesis, that all his Adams and Eves should be as chaste as turtles; and, therefore, I have called them a cool hundred, an epithet which, the reader sees, is here far from being an expletive, but highly emphatical; for, if the Dean's hundred Adams and Eves were not more cool than an hundred pairs of people of fashion, whom I could mention, it is to be feared, that many of the males in his civil society, would not only be gregarious animals, but absolutely horned cattle. See Tucker on Government, p. 136.

* The late Lord Fairfax, usually distinguished by the name of *Lord Fairfax of Virginia*.

† Dryden.

Subjects enough of his own blood, 245
 To reign their sovereign great and good.
 If such a man was not born free,
 I know not what is liberty.

'S Q U I R E.

Dear Dean, you interrupt my theme.
 I want to preach, but you to dream 250
 Of negro girls and patriarch kings—
 Pray clip your fancy's wayward wings.
 My two points prov'd, I draw from hence
 This truly Christian inference,
 That all, whom we the factious call, 255
 Who 'gainst court influence hourly bawl,
 Who from their seats would dash contractors,
 And be themselves the nation's factors,
 Are all of the old round-head leaven,
 And therefore ne'er will get to heaven. 260

D E A N.

Right. This would give my mind much ease,
 If drawn from sounder premises.
 Locke and his crew, I know right well,
 Have sent full many a fool to hell,
 But not from what you've prov'd, but I—— 265

* * * * *

Hold Muse! nor give the 'Squire's reply.
 You've run two heats; to start a third
 Would now, I think, be quite absurd;

'Tis

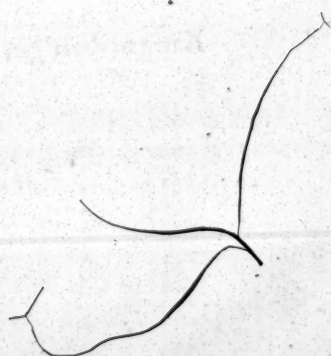
'Tis much beyond an Eclogue's length;
Come breath a while, and gather strength.
You shall not tax, should it be willing,
The town beyond a single shilling: *
Stop then in time your tinkling rill;
The reader's ears have drank their fill. †

270

* Though the Author chooses to be so very moderate in his mode of taxation, I, his bookfeller, in strict conformity to our rule of trade, have ventured to lay on the other sixpence. DEBRET.

† Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt. VIRG.

T H E E N D.



C E R T I F I C A T E.

WHEREAS a late ingenious and anonymous production, entitled *An Archæological Epistle*, has been attributed to my pen, I think proper to declare, that, however I may approve the political sentiments therein contained, I am above wearing any man's laurels; and that I conceive those, who do not discriminate between my style and that author's, have as little critical acumen, as he seems to allow to his reverend correspondent.

(Signed)

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

Knightbridge.

2 DE 64

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Any Corrections, Additions, or Hints for Improvement, will be thankfully received by the Publisher.

Blanchard (J. P.)

7c

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